

THE
OLD FARM AT HOME

SONG & CHORUS

Written, composed and respectfully inscribed to

C. M. Gady, Esq.

BY

I. B. WOODBURY.

by the same Author COME & ILL GIVE YOU REST.

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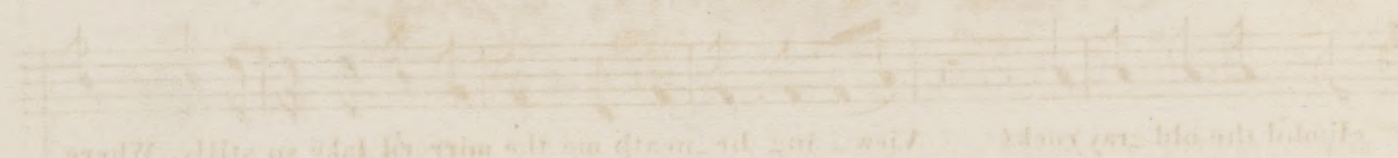
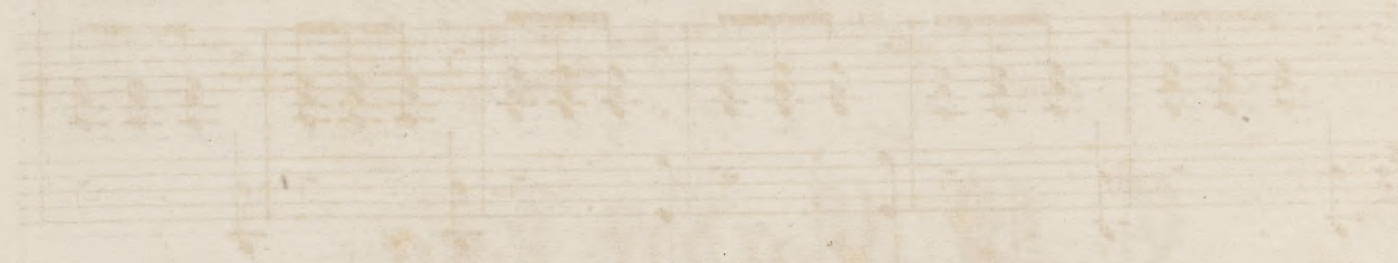
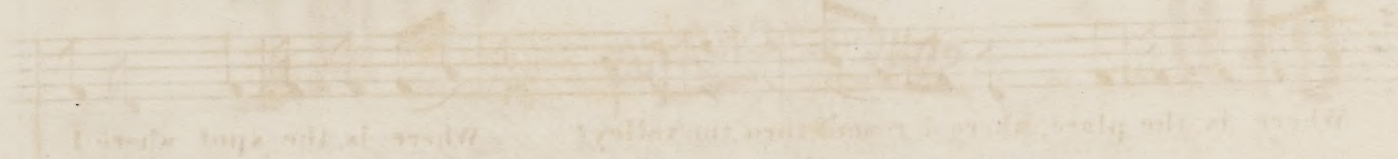
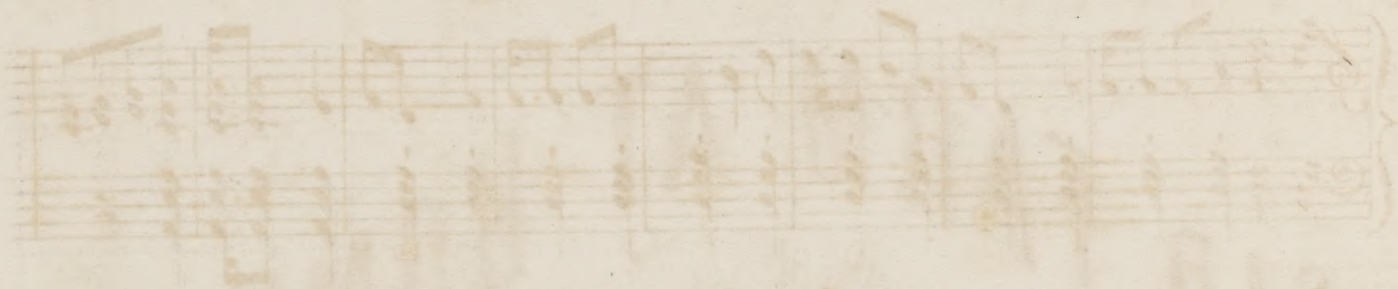
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J. B. Thompson



THE OLD FARM AT HOME

3

I. B. Woodbury.

SPRITOSO.

Where is the place, where I roam'd thro' the valley? Where is the spot where I

climb'd the old gray rock? View - ing be - neath me the mirror'd lake so stilly, Where

nought made a ripple but the brood of the wild duck. 'Tis the old farm at home 'Tis the

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old farm at home Ah! never more I'll roam from the old farm at
home!

rit.
p

CHORUS at pleasure to each verse.

'Tis the old farm at home 'Tis the old farm at home Ah!
'Tis the old farm at home 'Tis the old farm at home Ah!

ne-ver more I'll roam from the old farm at home!

ne-ver more I'll roam from the old farm at home!

2

Still dear to me is the low of the cow-herd,
 As faint from the hills its sweet echoes chime along;
 Words cannot tell how the warbling of the blackbird
 Still thrills my very soul with her wild brilliant song.
 On the old farm at home—on the old farm at home
 Ah! never more I'll roam from the old farm at home!

3

Where do I find hearts as truthful as ever,
 As when a mere youth I left them far to roam?
 Where do I find love that nought on earth can sever,
 For child or for brother who hath long been from home?
 'Tis at the old farm at home, 'tis at the old farm at home!
 Ah! never more I'll roam from the old farm at home!

Quidor Eng^{VP}

Rem.
Son
J
C.